

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE members of the graduating class of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia are to be given a chance to try their hands at dramatic criticism. They will graduate this afternoon and tomorrow night they will be the guests of Scribner Theatrical Enterprises at the performance of "Love Laughs at the Bijou Theatre. The management of the play will offer prizes consisting of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the three best criticisms of it. There are seventeen graduates and it is expected that they will all participate in the contest. The judges will be Burns Mantle, Louis De Poe and Laurence Reamer.

SHE'LL SEE SOME SHOWS.

Miss Jada, who recently returned from more than a year of service as an entertainer with the A. B. F., has decided to see some Broadway productions before the hot weather puts an end to the season. To-night she will be the guest of Charles Dillingham at the performance of "She's a Good Fellow" at the Globe Theatre. Miss Jada will occupy a box, and it is rumored that her appearance at the Globe to-night has been selected as an appropriate time for the presentation of a little tribute which some of the boys whom she entertained abroad have prepared for her.

SHANNON HAS A PLAY.

Sam Shannon, who was associated with Jack Norworth in the production of "Odds and Ends," announces that he will stage in New York in September a play with music, the book of which is by Edgar Allan Wolf. Mr. Shannon says that he has placed Mae Murray under contract to

appear in this play. Miss Murray's services appear to be in great demand, as A. H. Woods announced last week that he had arranged to furnish her a play. Mr. Shannon also states that he will do considerable producing next season.

ANOTHER FOR NORWORTH.

Speaking of "Odds and Ends," Jack Norworth has prepared another review and intends to produce it in the fall. Harry Watson will again be associated with Mr. Norworth as his comedian. Beyond this little is known of the producer's plans.

A NEW COMPOSER.

Arthur Hammerstein has discovered another composer. He is Herbert Rothbart, musical conductor of "Tumble In," at the Belwyn Theatre. Mr. Hammerstein announces that Mr. Rothbart will write the music for a book to be furnished by Otto Harbach.

GOSSIP.

Miss Dada has received an offer to dance at the London Hippodrome in the fall. Elizabeth Brice entertained thirty Army nurses last night at "Toot Sweet."

Joie Heather, Katherine Hart and Frank Kingdon have been engaged for the cast of "Bang, Bang, Boom!" Grace Valentine has secured rights to a vaudeville playlet written by S. Jay Kaufman. She intends to hold it until she has a spare month and then take a dip in the two-a-day.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A. Green Apple has a telephone. It's on the Orchard exchange.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"You're not as foolish as you look." "I'm not?" "No, you're more so."

The Day's Good Stories

HE WAS AN ACTOR.

It was during the filming of the trench scenes in "The Heart of Humanity," Allen Holubar's super-drama. Realism was the keynote. The trenches were flooded with the water of many days' rain. Discomfort and supreme as borders of soldiers rehearsed and rehearsed again the thrilling battle that was to be recorded by the camera. But there was always some little thing that fell short of perfection and which meant the scene would have to be repeated again. Finally the camera began clicking and the actual process of tak-

ing the scene was under way. Suddenly the watchful eye of Mr. Holubar discovered a flaw in a bit of detail work. Orders were given and the camera stopped. Again came the tedious interlude of rehearsing.

A long, lanky figure in khaki suddenly rose from his kneeling posture and threw his gun aside. "What are you doing?" demanded Mr. Holubar. The khaki-clad one hardly waited to reply: "Say, you hired an actor, not a submarine diver. I'm quitting."—Film Fun.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

A MOTORCYCLIST, passing through Boscawen, N. H., happened to puncture a tire in front of the Daniel Webster homestead. An elderly native watched the repair operations, and when the job was finished asked the cyclist if he cared to see the Webster home.

"What Webster?" queried the traveler.

The old villager looked somewhat surprised, but answered with apparent pride:

"Dan'l."

"Who was he?" questioned the motorist, seriously.

The old man turned on him in outraged pride.

"You don't know who Dan'l Webster was? Why, Dan'l Webster was"

—he paused with contempt on his lips almost unable to speak—"why, Dan'l used to be one of our selectmen."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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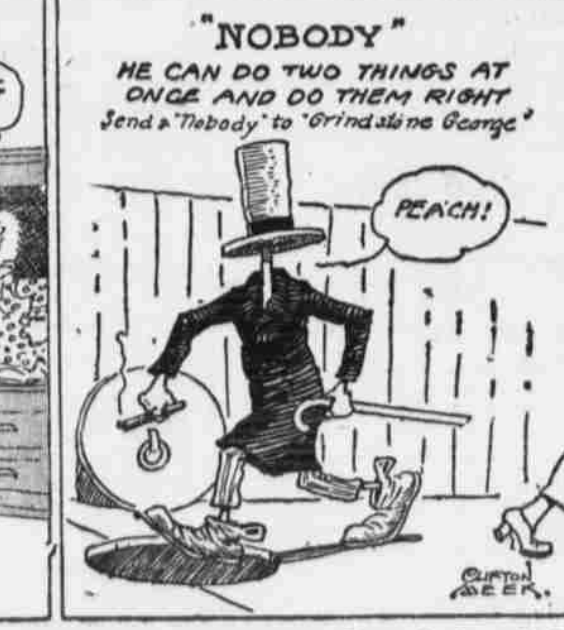
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